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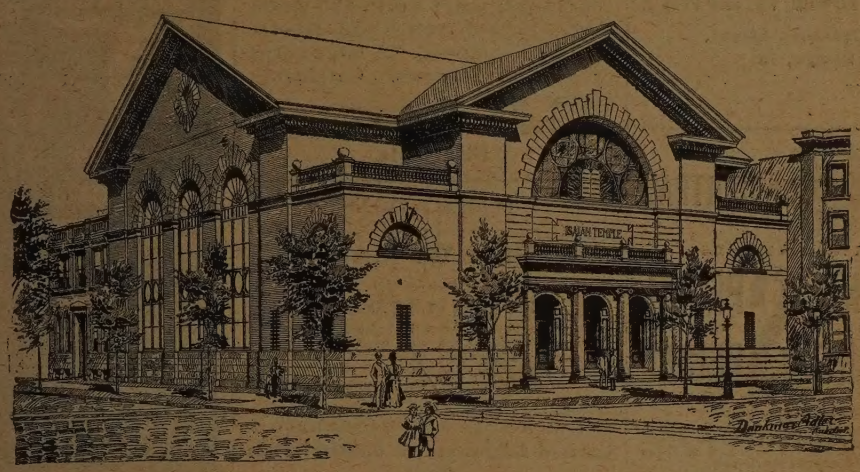
UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 1899. NUMBER 4.



The New Isaiah Temple of Chicago, Dedicated March 10, 11 and 12, 1899.

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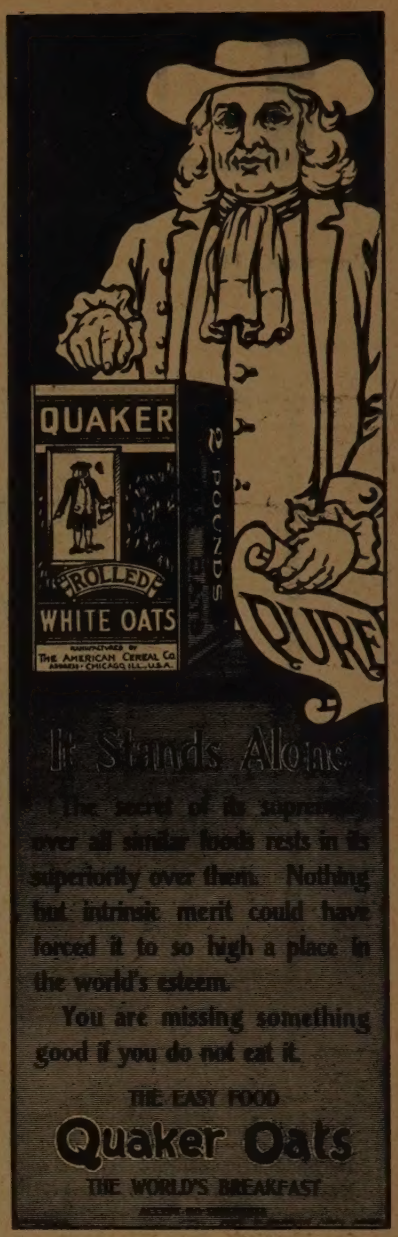

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1899. NUMBER 4.

Professor John Bascom, in the current number of the "Dial," says: "The certainty of faith is greater, not less, when its data have been subjected to the most thorough sifting of experience." This is a difficult lesson for the soul to learn. The sanctities of life have nothing to fear from the scrutiny visited upon them by experience, investigation and doubt. Doubt, instead of being the enemy of faith, is its hand-maid. It purifies, clarifies, vitalizes. Religion should be exogenous like the trees in our northern forests, the live part being the outside, the new tissues formed under the bark. Therein lies its strength and vitality.

"Tract No. 12," the last issued by the Free Church of Tacoma, is one on "Sectarianism or Inclusiveness and Exclusiveness in Religion," by Francis E. Abbott of Cambridge. It is a masterly arraignment of the exclusiveness in religion, but, as it seems to us, it seeks to fight exclusiveness with exclusiveness in its effort to form the "Universal Church of Mankind" by exclusion rather than inclusion, for the sects themselves are factors of humanity and they, too, bring their brick to be placed in the walls of the universal temple. When modesty becomes the spirit of the sects, as it is slowly becoming, they will join hands with their neighbors in the things they find to do together, and thus, without excision and without violence, the Universal Church is slowly and silently coming to be.

The awful waste of life caused by the burning of the Windsor Hotel in New York City in broad daylight carries with it a terrible arraignment of some guilty party or parties who, without the excuse of poverty or ignorance, with wicked deliberation, placed such precious lives in jeopardy. Here was a home of wealth, a rendezvous of millionaires, a gilded extravagance and cushioned luxury, constructed of tinder and so shaped as to bring about maximum speed in the burning and the minimum chance of escape. Somebody has seriously sinned. May the sin bring forth such repentance in the public conscience that will compel it with deliberation and careful forethought to pull down without the aid of fire and of panic the other death traps that are "doing business" in all our great cities.

Among the many papers that are urging earnest protest against the war policy in Manila is "Our Dumb Animals," published in Boston. Among the men quoted as deploring our present predicament is Doctor James L. Barton, secretary of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who "does not know of one of the five hundred and forty missionaries of the American board who is in favor of the imperialistic policy." Rev. Doctor Lorimer of Boston, in his address to the Christian Endeavorers' Convention at Tremont Temple, said: "Heretofore America has been regarded by the heathen as being free from the crimes committed against them by others. * * * But let her attitude change, let her become like the rest, and the enforcement of her sovereignty will lead to outrages and executions and her imperialism will be as pernicious to Christianity as was that of Rome."

Without attempting in a note to answer the question, "What else can the government do with the Philippines than first subject them in order to educate them now that the vicissitudes of war have placed them in our hands?" we would say that the vicissitudes of war should not necessitate the abandonment of the principles of peace or of justice. Can we not by diplomacy secure a pledge from all the nations to keep hands off the Philippines and by further diplomacy say to the Filipinos, "We seek fraternal relations. We have paid twenty million dollars for your liberation from Spain. Pay us as you can. We will help you as we may, but the problems of government are in your hands. And long before they arrive at the federation of the mighty archipelago, intelligence, government, culture will probably grow, not from one, but from many centers. There doubtless will be violence and bloodshed in either case, but let it be violence among themselves rather than the more debilitating and most degrading violence of foreign invaders.

Chicago is not the only city that is torn with municipal perplexities at this time. Last Sunday Rev. A. G. Jennings of Toledo spoke on the political situation in Toledo, in which he said that the only remedy for the political evils of that city was to come from its citizens, "men and women standing for the highest, taking large and generous views of human life." There, as here, the problem is to bring out municipal issues on their own merits, independent of the sorry entanglements of national issues and complications. Chicago has three able candidates for the mayoralty, but one is committed to republicanism, the other to democracy, and the third, independent though he is, has slipped in a national consideration concerning currency. Neither one of these interests have necessarily any bearing upon good water, clean streets, honest assessments and the administration of the public wealth for the public good. But our city is not so badly distracted politically as it is theologically. Great investments and large organizations are committed to the advance of Methodism, Presbyterianism, Catholicism, Judaism or what not, making secondary what ought to be the primary interests of these religious organizations, the advancement of temperance, education, domestic, municipal and national purity, the combinations of justice and the trusts of the truth-seeking and the truth-telling elements in society.

In the death of Joseph Medill the country has lost one of its great journalists. Whatever may be said of the special attitude of the Chicago "Tribune" upon the innumerable questions that have passed before the American people in the exciting but altogether inspiring closing half of this century, it has been one of the great news gathering and sentiment-forming powers in this country. Take it all in all, our country has known no better newspaper than the Chicago "Tribune," and it has been second only to the New York "Tribune" as a creator of public sentiment. The funeral services were simple but impressive. His old friend and pastor, Robert Collyer, came from New York to speak the word over his coffin. "Now that David Swing is dead you are the only one of the two men left I had thought of as suitable to ask to say something when I die. Will you come?" said Mr. Medill to Robert Collyer at Bar Harbor three years ago. In response to the pledge then given he came. His tribute was based on a forty years' acquaintance. He spoke of the power of the "Tribune" during the war for the Union, "summoning the hosts for the defense of the nation," and further said: "I love again to note the pure and steadfast simplicity and austerity of my friend. He was just Joseph Medill to the end of the story—sweet and clean, simple and modest, in his life, in his habit and demeanor, in the way he carried himself before men, and he never seemed to be saying, 'Now, look at me; consider who I am—a self-made man.' He was too modest to be talking about his being a self-made man, too modest—and silence in this, as always, is golden. He must have pondered that pregnant question we should all ponder: Who made thee to differ? and found the one true answer: God." Mr. Medill rounded a long life triumphantly in that he worked it out to the end, and his work remains to testify to his faithfulness.

"The Ethics of Journalism."

"Our old friend, UNITY, the organ of the Liberal Congress, reports that it has received some criticism from its subscribers on account of its course in using its editorial columns for the ridicule and denunciation of 'expansion.' Of course, the question is not whether UNITY happens to be right or wrong in its position on expansion. The real question is a wider one, and concerns the ethics of journalism. When a paper has been adopted, as UNITY has, by an organization like the Liberal Congress as its official organ, and has been voted a sufficient sum of money from the treasury of that organization to pay its expenses, has that paper a moral right to take sides in a political issue that divides its constituents and to stigmatize its opponents' utterances as 'drivel?'

Certainly the average man would be inclined to answer this question in the negative. The average man subscribes for his political paper with the tacit understanding that it shall hold a certain position in politics, but shall not denounce his religious convictions as 'drivel,' whatever they may be in the eyes of infinite Wisdom; while he takes his religious paper with a similar understanding that it shall always stand for his religious convictions, and shall not meddle with his political platform. When such an average man finds his religious paper using its editorial columns in season and out of season to hold up his political convictions to ridicule, that man feels that his religious paper has virtually broken its contract with him, and he will have nothing more to do with it. In fact, the average man is rather more intolerant nowadays of political heresy than of religious heresy. He thinks as some one says the Kansas people do, that a man may get to heaven in almost any church, but in only one political party."

The above is taken from an anonymous communication from the West, which appears in the *Christian Register* of Boston, under date of March 9. With the same openness to criticism as that which gave this correspondent his text, we make room for the whole of this comment in our editorial columns, not simply for the sake of letting our readers know the frankness and the openness with which one "old friend" is inclined to treat us, and not for the sake of correcting the mistake which must be obvious to all readers of UNITY, but for the sake of a word of comment upon the general assumption.

First, there is a palpable falsehood in the statement. The word "drivel" was not used in regard to anybody's religious or political convictions whatsoever. The only connection in which it was used was in regard to the moral sentiment of Kipling's latest poem, entitled "The White Man's Burden," in a note of February 16. The grounds for such use had been explained in a previous number, where it was shown that the poem carried with it the race arrogance and conceit which, in addition to the cruelty visited upon the black man and the wrong still perpetrated against him, threatens at the present time to be blind to the virtues and indifferent to the rights of the brown man.

We will not stop to comment upon the old expediency of the ecclesiastic taken advantage of by our unnamed critic, that of relegating hot and difficult questions to the realm of "politics," preserving the word "religion" for some super mundane and inoffensive realm of emotions. The maintaining of a war of conquest and the enforced subjugation of the far-off tribes of the sea, may be a justifiable one, but certainly it is an ethical and religious problem, and, fortunately, it is a question that does not run parallel with any "political" issues represented by any of the parties now asking the suffrage of the American people.

But what of the main contention that the "ethics of journalism" requires that the editorial columns of the paper must be held subservient to the advertising columns, or news and reportorial functions; that the editors of a paper, speaking as editors, taking the full responsibility of their editorials, holding nobody else responsible for them, must speak not for themselves, but for the organization that may have used their columns to extend their message and to strengthen their activities. This is perhaps the understanding of some of the so-called "denominational papers," hence the so-called "religious press" is too often a press without an opinion on anything but the denominational "cause," edited without personality. This is perhaps the ethics that justified our critic to hide behind his anonymity.

We do not believe that any of the current weeklies among our exchanges, backed by denominational support or reinforced by sectarian subsidy, would admit that this subsidy carries with it an editorial muzzle and that the editorial columns must have no political, reformatory, economic or other ethical opinions not

consonant with the opinions of some of its constituents. Still less will they admit that they are to edit the paper in such a way as to "always stand for his religious convictions and shall not meddle with his political platform," the pronoun "his" standing here as we understand the writer for some "average" representative of an organization.

However it may be with others, we speak for ourselves. The Liberal Congress did not buy the editorial control or presume to dictate the editorial convictions of UNITY when it cheerfully and generously recognized its obligation to the paper that had, without reward other than the satisfaction of making for a common cause, served as a medium of communication between those interested in Congress work, a bulletin of Congress activities and a reporter of the Congress word and work, by making for the first time in its five years of life a small monied contribution to its funds. To the credit of the Congress be it said, no hint from any member, officer or laity has been heard at this office of such a selfish interpretation of its monied contribution, for which UNITY has already furnished on any commercial estimate a large *quid pro quo*. For twenty-one years UNITY has been laboring for its ideal. Its editorial columns have at least borne testimony to the honesty and the individuality of its editors. Because it has stood for this open speech all around it has found itself the natural organ of that Liberal Congress movement which finds unity in diversity and believes in progress by discussion. Our anonymous friend need not be worried too much with the criticism that waits upon us, for if we make few enemies we make many friends, not because we agree, but because we believe and believing speak. The time has gone by when even a denominational paper can be edited by a committee, and the time is going by when even a denominational man wants for his weekly reading a paper without an opinion and from whose columns are excluded open discussion and frank differences. The denomination that overlays the man and the subsidy that chokes the editor, are not of the kind the world stands in need of, and not of the kind that the world will always accept with complacency.

It is the fine problem of to-day how to secure the full personality of the individual and at the same time not lose the fine strength of coöperation. This cannot be done by trimming the individual to the prescribed form, but by raising the coöperation to such free and high levels as give the individual full play. A paper cannot be edited by a composite photograph. So much of individuality as is given us we will continue to project into these editorial columns, and when the time comes—that may come any day—when it is not possible for us longer to project ourselves into these columns, we will retire without murmur and without regret, and in so far as we have spoken the whole counsels of God as it has been given us to see them, in so far will we retire without reproach and without humiliation. Because we have opinions of our own and declare them, and because we are open to a fair representation of all opinions and because we believe in the ideal of the Liberal Congress and have given in unstinted measures of our life and love to the ideal, UNITY has proven a useful messenger of the Congress, and it is for this messenger service, its reportorial service, that the Congress is rendering what it knows to be partial compensation.

Our readers know that these editorial columns speak only for the editors. We are glad to point this week to the scholarly presentation of Mr. Calthrop of the considerations from the "other side." His answer is not only admirable in its ability, but commendable in its spirit, its frankness and its openness. He writes not from the standpoint of the "average man," nor does he appeal to the prejudices of the "average man," but he speaks as a free man among free men, among whom there is room for a larger number of editors than are now discoverable. Let the editors of so-called religious papers line up, "looking forward and not back, outward and not in, upward and not down, and lend a hand" to the suffering and to the unpopular causes, and perhaps the papers will be more read and the organs of religion will be more religious.

Jewish Joy and Prophecy.

The Jews of Chicago have recently been holding high festival. First came their rejoicings over the decision of Doctor Hirsch to remain in Chicago. The call to New York was more than inviting. It was almost commanding, for it was a call to the leadership of the largest Jewish community in America. Perhaps no city in the world offers a more influential, intelligent and progressive community of Jews than New York City. And still, for Doctor Hirsch to accept would be to break up the associations of nearly twenty years and to abandon the influence and usefulness that gather around them. Whether in New York or in Chicago, Doctor Hirsch's power and word would be felt and heard in the interest of progressive things. He would there, as here, be a power for that which UNITY stands for, but UNITY heartily rejoices over his decision. While grieving for the disappointment of New York, it congratulates Chicago and the West.

Following the publication of this decision of Doctor Hirsch promptly came the dedication of the Isaiah Temple, the picture of which is found on our first page, and the notice of the dedication service on another page. But this event took upon it municipal and interdenominational features. First among the many striking features was that which brought hither the venerable mentor of the Jewish ministry in America, Doctor Isaac M. Wise of Cincinnati, whose body is bent by the weight of eighty years, but whose voice, strong and penetrating, reached the remotest corners of the splendid auditorium, and his thought, illuminated by Talmudic fancies, fitted into rational thought and reformed Judiasm. He came fresh from the celebration of his eightieth birthday, which brought together the Conference of American Rabbis in Cincinnati, sixty or more of them, many of them his pupils. With him came a fraternal delegation of the younger men, Doctor Stoltz's classmates and associates, from New Orleans, Vicksburg, Albuquerque, Milwaukee and Philadelphia. Joining with these at one time or another of the service was heard the voice of Methodist, Presbyterian, Universalist,

Unitarian and Independent. Aside from the exercises in the Temple, alluded to elsewhere, the local and visiting rabbis were banqueted at the Auditorium Hall, where tender memories were awakened and deep fellowships sealed. Doctor Berkowitz preached for Doctor Hirsch on Sunday morning and the hospitalities of Sinai Temple were extended to the visitors. On Monday morning the Council of Jewish Women gave a reception to Doctor Wise, which was certainly their happy obligation, for it was he who first put woman as a unit into the Jewish congregation. He permitted her to sing in the Cincinnati choir many years ago, for which offense he was excommunicated by the London rabbis, and as a result he told them he put the excommunication papers in the waste basket and allowed the women to continue to sing. He abolished the "prayer shawl," which women were not permitted to wear. He permitted them to sit with the men in family pews and caused them to be counted as units in the quorum which requires ten members before a Jewish service can be conducted.

In this warming of Jewish life and deepening of Jewish fellowship there is the inevitable enlarging of the place which they ought to hold in the confidence of their Christian neighbors and Gentile coreligionists. Judaism, the mother of monotheism, is yet fertile, and is to bring forth the faith in the oneness of man as it has already given to the world the great faith in the oneness of God. As the one is true, the other must be. Congratulations to the Jews.

Editorial Wanderings.

I took my March flight this year into Arkansas and found ten days of sunshine and about a hundred miles of open road on the backs of comfortable horses, realizing again the truth of Theodore Parker's saying that "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." Away up on the back of the Ozarks, in the little town of Fayetteville, of some three thousand inhabitants, I visited the state university of Arkansas, the main building and general organization of which is copied after the state university of Illinois at Champaign. Here I was welcomed by three or four members of the faculty, whose greeting was based on previous acquaintance, formed in the universities of Chicago, Cornell and Leland Stanford. The university is presided over by Doctor Buchanan, a genial and cultivated Virginia gentleman of the old school, and the atmosphere of the school, the work done in the classroom is a successful blending of the new spirit of science with the old grace of the classic. The line between the North and the South has been obliterated on the campus and in the classroom. Here in the college chapel I told the story of "The Parliament of Religion, and What Next?" to an audience which contained representatives of all the churches in town and probably most of the ministers of the town. On the Sunday following I occupied the pulpit of the M. E. Church (South) and in the evening that of the Christian denomination. In both cases I spoke to crowded houses. In both cases I delivered the message as best I could of Character and of Unity as I understand it, and received in return the cordial hand of fellowship from ministers and laity. The word of the speaker and the hands of indorsement carried with them no insincerity and no reserve. The word that I had to say was the word that can be appropriated and is justly claimed by representatives of all faiths, and the representatives of no faith, because justice and love, kindliness and helpfulness are the universalities of religion. Sixty miles farther south, passing over on to the southern slope of the Boston range, I came to Fort Smith, a town of twenty thousand on the border line between Arkansas and the Indian Territory, as it was for two generations on the border line between law and lawlessness, order and violence. Crossing the Arkansas river, I was in the Indian Territory, riding over lands owned by the Cherokees and their associates, but by a curious amalgamation of colors, carrying an economic significance which I could not interpret, I found extensive acres being planted with potatoes by black men for white men's purposes. Here at Fort Smith the federal judge Porter sat for many years, for whom it is claimed the credit of having signed more death warrants than any man since the day of Jeffreys. Eighty-eight men were by this judge sent to their reckoning from the gallows, and still he has left a trace of grace and gentleness, of law and loyalty in that borderland. He cleared that country of its thugs. He became a terror only to law breakers and he has left behind him a town amenable to culture and refinement. No better tribute to his memory could be found that in the fact that here I found one of the most modern, sightly and altogether admirable public school buildings I have ever seen in the United States. His successor, the genial Judge Rogers, finds time in connection with his high duties to the United States to serve as chairman of the local board of education, and he set aside the exactions of his bench to wait upon the interests of the high school while I addressed several hundred children, and again in the evening gave my lecture on "The Cost of An Idea." Here again I find the teacher of science a Chicago University man and the superintendent and his corps of teachers alert to the latest methods and up with the best spirit of the public schoolroom. Altogether, the ten-day trip was as sanitary to the mind as to the lungs. It cleared the judgment as it did the throat, and I am back from Arkansas with a little of the sunshine of the Ozarks and much of the vitality of the common people, the plain people, in which Abraham Lincoln rejoiced, in my brain. The parties who are doing the grubbing, the ploughing and the planting are now, and ever will be, the foundation elements in the religion and the ethics, as well as in the wealth and industries of our country.

J. Ll. J.

One Advantage.

Some lives are tinged with dull November grays,
And some have summer's warmth, and whirr of wing,
And some have autumn's glory bright, and haze,
But in the poet's soul, there are no days
Without the melody and bloom of spring.
—Emma Playter Seabury.

Have thy tools ready, God will find thee work.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Notes by E. P. Powell.

Reports from Washington show that in all the South Atlantic and South Central states, with two exceptions, the blacks share with the whites equally in the school fund. The attendance of colored pupils in public schools has more than doubled in ten years and now amounts to not far from 1,500,000. Such statistics afford some relief to those who are alarmed over the race problem. If once the total population of any state can be freed from illiteracy and superstitution, prejudice also will be disposed of to a great extent. It will not do to fix our eyes too unreservedly upon local outbreaks, or even outrages, that shame civilization. What we want to find out is the real social drift of the whole South. If the vast negro element is to be left without education it will remain as so much barbarism, and will beget barbarism, on the part of the whites. There is no salvation in selfishness.

Seventy-five years ago there were not more than two millionaires in New York City—Astor and Whitney. In 1840 there were seven more—Hunt, Crosby, Lenox, the two Lorillards, Stuyvesant and Van Rensselaer. In 1870 there were probably several hundred New Yorkers worth $1,000,000 or over. Vanderbilt was reckoned at $90,000,000; his son Cornelius stood at $150,000,000. In 1835 A. T. Stewart was reckoned at $90,000, and could command unlimited credit at that. When he died his estate was held at $60,000,000. This enlargement of private fortunes is enormously on the increase. We have now over four thousand millionaires in America. Unfortunately the tramp element originated at the same time with the millionaires, and we have now about a half million of these professional vagabonds. One of the social problems that will tax the next century will be how to secure such an equitable distribution of wealth that we shall be burdened with neither of these social extremes. Unfortunately neither of them is capable of curing itself, because each one ends in degeneration.

Can we never get over the cant of pessimism? It is a habit with us, and not so much a considered belief —unless in the case of Mr. Mallock, and a few extremists of the Maudsley sort. As a rule scientists are inclined strongly to optimism, but the habit of speaking slightingly of the present as compared with the past, is not seldom indulged in all sorts of literature. The worst phase of this indulgence is in religious papers and sermons; precisely where it is least truthful, and most injurious. A noted London preacher recently exclaimed in his discourse, "God have mercy on us all, and especially on the young in this age of the worship of indulgence and success." This is pure nonsense. This is in every sense an age of economic tendencies as compared with the Roman age, or the successive ages of England. In religion, above all things, there is, and has been, progress.

Hospitals were a social institution of China four hundred years before Christ. Asoka, the famous Buddhist king of the third century B. C., ordered buildings for the sick and distressed at the four gates of his capital, and everywhere about his empire. He it was who said, "I wish not to retire to a heaven while anyone is outside in trouble." A record of 400 A. D. records hospitals, with free medical care, as common throughout the land. The earliest Christian hospitals, outside of care for the members of churches, date in the fourth century after Jesus. The insane were cared for by the Greeks and Egyptians in their temples. It is a vulgar conceit that all the care for the sick and poor and insane is of modern origin.

A sensible reaction is setting in against children's gymnastics. The natural exercise that will properly develop a child is play. It only needs that some rational supervision be had of the company with which the children engage in their games, and the exclusion of such games as are liable to breed rudeness or otherwise injure them. What is wanted is more garden room and not more halls, with dumb bells and ropes. The same is true of adults. They will gain strength and retain vigor far better by outdoor sports or work at some pleasant employment than by gymnastic exercises. Play, for old and young, is the prime need for all Americans.

No one should ever feel that he has been quite near to an author's spirit until he has seen a page of his manuscript. There is a wonderful personality in penmanship. Look at the pages of manuscript given from Franklin in a recent "Century" and you will feel that the philosopher is paying you a personal visit. Quaint and old as the style may be, the page is still warm with his life and his emotions. It will never grow cold. But a printed page is formal, exact and always cold unto death. There is no individuality in a printed page. Every man's words look alike. In the written page every comma tells us something about the character of the maker of it. You feel as you do when near a person; you compare yourself with himself. How delightful it would be if we could have some of the greater books made up of manuscript photographs. And now the typewriter has spoiled all pleasure in receiving letters. Who would care for a printed love letter, or for an affectionate outburst in small pica? It is the death of all social correspondence.

President Eliot of Harvard tells us that that institution is substantially equal in its annual income to Oxford, England's pet university, which has existed for over a thousand years. No wonder Dr. Eliot affirms that no community ever existed in the world so charged with intelligence and love for enlightenment as Eastern Massachusetts. No other section need be jealous of this claim, although the University of Chicago is as heartily and financially sustained as Harvard. Every metropolitan city should have a giant university. A vast amount of money is dribbled away on petty institutions that are never more than struggling children. They cannot do what they wish, even if their purpose be broad enough. The interest of true education and of progressive American society demand the solution of the problem what to do with the minor colleges.

We are soon to close a century, every hour of which has ticked off a triumph of God. But the lowlands of doubt are as full of croakers as if the century had been full of disasters. Their song is just now, Expansion, Ruin; Expansion, Ruin! Well, but by and by, they will have another complaint; always to the same old tune—the tune that Aristophanes immortalized in The Clouds before Christ. Meanwhile, the Upwardlookers sing, In God We Trust. The glory of the end of the nineteenth century is that Christianity is getting to be a practical fact in civics. The great truth of evolution is that nothing is permanent—except progress. The chronic trouble with many people is that they are born with too little stuff in them. When Lamertine posed as leader of the French revolution of '48, an old soldier, bracing himself on his elbow, looked the poet over and said to him, "You! You haven't stuff enough in you."

My Best.

Dear Lord, I'll do my best.
The path lies through the dark;
But on the mountain's crest,
The morning sets its shining mark.

Dear Lord, I do my best.
I stumble on the way,
But dare not pause for rest;
I must press forward toward the day.

Dear Lord, I've done my best.
I have not reached the height;
But here I am, Thy guest,
For round me grows Thy cheering light.

—E. H.

Peace Conference in Boston.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., spoke before a large audience in Tremont Temple on "A Permanent International Tribunal." The meeting was held under the auspices of the Massachusetts Good Citizenship Society and was the first of a series which are in the interest of peace between the nations of the world.

Among those seated upon the platform were Rev. D. Lyman Abbott of New York, who is to speak at a future meeting; Robert Treat Paine, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Rabbi Charles Fleischer. A quartet from the Hampton Institute was also on the platform and contributed a song at the close of the meeting.

In every seat in the hall was a little leaflet containing printed "Hymns of the Peace Crusade." At the opening of the meeting the famous Russian Peace Hymn was sung by the entire audience with splendid effect:

"God, the All-terrible King, who ordainest
Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord."

At the entrance to the hall were young men who distributed to everybody who entered copies of the Czar's much-discussed peace manifesto. With this was the interesting information that Europe now spends annually for present armies and navies a sum equal to a pile of dollar bills over 52 miles high, piled solidly like leaves in a book, but the people are worse off than ever before. A plea for all to work for the peaceful federation was also made.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Edwin D. Mead presided at the meeting and in opening told something of the peace crusade. Russia was to be thanked for the great peace movement. He spoke of Verestchagin, the painter, Tolstoi, and the Czar, and their work in this cause. Speaking of Kipling's great poem in which Russia was likened to a treacherous bear, he said he could not help thinking whether it was not better for a bear to imitate a man rather than in man to try and behave like a bear. This statement was received with laughter and applause. Mr. Mead went on to speak of the horrors and the enormous cost of war, not only in money, but in human life. The recent war was not to be discussed at the meeting. But the present fighting in the Philippines was to be deplored, in his opinion. He did not think the bulk of the American people favored it. The advice of Cecil Rhodes for the United States to take all of South America, if possible, was to be deplored. General disarmament and peace were what people wanted all over the world. Charles Sumner, 50 years ago in Tremont Temple, started the movement when he lectured upon "The Grandeur of Nations." Mr. Mead spoke of Senator George F. Hoar as the "grand old man" who had done so much for the cause. He also alluded to Dr. Hale's valuable work in the cause.

DR. HALE'S ADDRESS.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale was then presented and hailed with loud handclapping. His subject was "A Permanent International Tribunal." In beginning he told a story which emphasized the fact that the desire for war was growing less and less, and that wars were becoming less and less frequent. Dr. Hale then read the Czar's manifesto. It was in the interest of "the maintenance of general peace," he said. Those were the exact words of the beginning of the manifesto, and not general disarmament, as some of the newspapers had stated.

He pitied the man who could read the manifesto of the Czar and then believe the Czar was lying. We know it is possible here in America for 45 nations to live together without war, and we mean to teach it to other nations. (Applause.)

The great International Peace Congress in Belgium next summer will represent the teachings of Christ as they have never been represented before. These 26 men who will meet there will have under consideration these great propositions to which Mr. Mead had referred and which were published in the Czar's manifesto.

In the United States the Federal Constitution had kept the 13 states and those that had been added to them in peace and harmony for 109 years. The Civil War was not on exception. Questions had come up, too, over which nations in Europe had frequently rushed at each others' throats in war. These were important questions of boundary lines, etc. War and fighting was all prevented by a permanent tribunal. But you could not make those people of Europe understand how it was done without a plan like this broached by the Czar.

The lession should be thoroughly impressed upon them that states could govern as they pleased at home. They could use the knout if they pleased, or have public schools or no public schools, but all great questions of boundaries, etc., should be left to a permanent tribunal.

And yet when I meet my Philistine friend on State street, and he says to me, "We've got to have war every thirty years, you know, to kill off the bad blood, the loafers, etc.," I reply to him that it isn't so at all. Such talk is nonsense. Europe had peace for 200 years. There is no reason why we should not have peace for all time.

It was very easy to ridicule Tennyson and others who favored peace, but it was a fact that the great lawyers of the United States and Great Britain had fixed a great international tribunal between the two countries.

I do not see more than 50 merchants in this audience. The others are cutting off coupons, are busy with investments and other matters of business. But the commercial man—the business interests—are all against war. War between the United States and Great Britain over the Venezuela boundary question was prevented by the commercial men of New York and the commercial men of London, who realized what a terrible thing war would be between these two great countries. Commercialism means civilization wherever it is found. And civilization is against war, and must always be.

In closing Dr. Hale said he believed that the movement for peace throughout the world would become stronger and stronger until finally war would not be heard of again. All great international questions must eventually be settled by a recognized international tribunal.

A song from the Hampton Institute Quartet was demanded by the audience, and the young negroes from the South responded very acceptably.—*From a Boston Daily.*

Good Poetry.

Romance.

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves was seen
The woven forest-boughs between.

And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
Come gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watched the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest-green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day,
The grass above my Love is green;
His heart is colder than the clay.

—*Andrew Lang.*

Skipper Ben.

Sailing away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,—
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the seaslope vast and gray!
And the Skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;
For thoughts rush up on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the dangerous island-height
That bars the harbor he loves from sight;
And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a sleepless night among specters grim, —
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!
Here's the Bank where the fishermen go!
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land-breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
"Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore, —
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under his blossoming apple-trees
That whisper and sway in the sunset-breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
Never was known in the still old town:
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night,
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon light,
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells,—
The passionate sorrow Death quickly knells;
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

—*Lucy Larcom*

Curiosities of Literature.

Notes for a Law Lecture.

DELIVERED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1850.

I am not an accomplished lawyer. I find quite as much material for a lecture in those points wherein I have failed as in those wherein I have been moderately successful. The leading rule for the lawyer, as for the man of every other calling, is diligence. Leave nothing for to-morrow which can be done to-day. Never let your correspondence fall behind. Whatever piece of business you have in hand, before stopping do all the labor pertaining to it which can then be done. When you bring a common lawsuit, if you have the facts for doing so, write the declaration at once. If a law point be evolved, examine the books and note the authority you rely on upon the declaration itself where you are sure to find it when wanted. The same of defenses and plans. In business not likely to be litigated—ordinary collection cases, foreclosures, partitions and the like—make all examinations of titles and note them, and even draft orders and decrees in advance. This course has a triple advantage; it avoids omissions and neglect, saves your labor when once done, performs the labor out of court when you have leisure, rather than in court when you have not. Extemporaneous speaking should be practiced and cultivated. It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make a speech. And yet there is not a more fatal error to young lawyers than relying too much on speech-making. If anyone, upon his rare powers of speaking, shall claim an exemption from the drudgery of the law, his case is a failure in advance.

Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it.

The matter of fees is important, far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved. Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be claimed. As a general rule never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something was still in prospect for you, as well as for the client. And when you lack interest in the case the job will very likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Settle the amount of fee and take a note in advance. Then you will feel that you are working for something and you are sure to do your work faithfully and well. Never sell a fee note—at least not before the consideration service is performed. It leads to negligence and dishonesty—negligence by losing interest in the case, and dishonesty in refusing to refund when you have allowed the consideration to fail.

There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say vague, because when we consider to what extent confidence and honors are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid. Yet the impression is common, almost universal. Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief; resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave.—Little Masterpieces Edited by Bliss Perry.

Who deemeth small things are beneath his state
Will be too small for what is really great.

—*Lowell.*

The Pulpit.

The Problem of the Philippines.

A Review of Mr. Salter's Address by Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, N. Y.

A frank discussion of our duty in the Philippine Islands may be productive of much good. I therefore write to criticise the two able papers of Mr. Salter in late issues of UNITY. I do so the more readily as he feels as strongly as I do that we only did our manifest duty in freeing Cuba from Spanish oppression, and that, so far, ours was a noble war—a war worthy of a great nation. When I hear good men speak of that war as the most utterly unjustifiable of all wars this century has known, etc., I hardly know what to reply. I pinch myself to see if I am awake. With Mr. Salter it is very different. I respect and understand his attitude, though I differ very widely from him.

Mr. Salter has no word of condemnation for our conquest of Manila. He sees, as well as anyone, that it was necessary at the time. He feels, however, that it would now be the just and noble thing to do to give the whole control to the Filipinos themselves, meaning, at present, to Aguinaldo and his followers. He acknowledges the difficulty of doing this after the late attacks on Manila, but quotes for our guidance the inspiring action of Gladstone, when, after defeat, not victory, he gave independence to the Boers. I am glad that he gave prominence to this, simply because no modern example could be more impressive in the way of warning and caution to us in our present circumstances than the action of Gladstone in Africa. Gladstone was one of the greatest statesmen the English-speaking race has ever produced. His matchless eloquence was used in support of the deepest moral convictions, and the tremendous power he wielded when in office was used as a solemn trust, for which he was to be held responsible to God and man. Nevertheless, the course he took in Egypt and the Transvaal resulted in untold misery and wrong, and the dreadful consequences of his action, or, rather, inaction, probably did much to embitter his last years. He meant right, but did wrong.

Mr. Salter quotes with approval Gladstone's action in the Transvaal. I suppose that Gladstone himself deplored that action to the last day of his life. It was well meant, it was magnanimously conceived. Gladstone had the courage to give up the control of the Transvaal after defeat—a very hard thing for a great nation to do. But his action was hasty, ill-timed and was taken in ignorance of the real facts of the case. The Boers left Cape Colony in 1834 to 1837 in search of freedom! But they already had all the freedom there they would have anywhere, except the freedom to enslave and exploiter the black man, which, before British emancipation, they had enjoyed. Witness the practical annihilation of the Hottentots. They went north, and there they got the freedom they wanted, as the miserable tribes around them found to their cost.* At last, in 1876-77, their cruelties and oppressions forced all the black tribes around them to combine against them, and they were threatened with absolute annihilation; when they appealed to the British government to save them, put themselves under its protection and the Transvaal was annexed to Great Britain. Having thus got time to breathe, they began at once to be restive against the humane laws of the British government with regard to the black man. This was the real ground of their work in 1880, and in March, 1881, Gladstone's government restored the republic. The real facts soon came out, but it was too late. The mischief done was irreparable, and now the Boers are keeping down a white population ten times their number and the end of this outrageous oppression is not yet. The whole history is a warning and caution to us, writ large, bidding us make haste slowly and warning us to beware of acting finally in the Philippines before we know the situation thoroughly.

*When Livingstone remonstrated they burned his house and forced him to leave.

The second of the two tremendous calamitous mistakes of Gladstone's political life was made in Egypt. When it was plain that something had to be done in Egypt John Bright, the noble and high-minded Quaker, lover of peace and human freedom, friend of all good causes everywhere, friend of the United States in the hour of bitter trial—John Bright was in the cabinet. Arabi's rebellion had to be put down, but it could only be put down by war, and John Bright, the man of peace, resigned. True, Arabi's success would have meant mere anarchy, yet John Bright insisted on resigning. But he left behind him, in Gladstone's memory, a remorseful sadness that made Gladstone half-hearted henceforward in all he did. When utter ruin and massacre threatened the Soudan, he did not accept as guide the high-souled, devoted Gordon, who knew the Soudan, and who knew that nothing but war, and immediate war, and resolute war, and successful war, could possibly prevent a wholesale massacre of the helpless men, women and children in and around Khartoum—men, women and children for whose lives and safety England had made herself largely responsible—but influenced by the thought of Bright, who did not know, he so crippled the action of Gordon, who did know, that the catastrophe, which Gordon had clearly foreseen and foretold, came upon that helpless land, at the moment when the criminally tardy help was just arriving—help that might have been sent months before just as easily, help that if it had even been sent a week earlier would have saved the massacre of tens of thousands and have saved to civilization the precious life of Gordon himself! It is tragic even to think of Gordon sending to the British troops the very steamers by which he could have so easily secured his own safety in order that the soldiers might arrive in time to save the lives of the wretched people whose sole protector and sole hope he was. If ever a hero's death was noble Gordon's was; if ever a hero's death was caused by troubled vacillation in a true man's mind Gordon's was. The situation lacks no element of tragedy. But its point to us is the lesson it gives to ourselves. In the name of humanity, let us not repeat the mistake. Removing our army and navy from Manila, taking away our control of the situation, would be a mere repetition of it.

Senator Hoar is as sincere, as desirous to do simply what is right as Gladstone himself. His opposition to the treaty was absolutely conscientious. But, in my judgment, it was to the last degree unwise to retard for so long a time the final settlement, especially when dealing with people so excitable as Aguinaldo and his Filipinos. It only made everything doubly difficult and doubly perilous. But out of it has come one good thing. We begin to realize the sort of person Aguinaldo is and how far he can be trusted with the power of life and death over his fellows in Luzon, not to mention the inhabitants of all the other islands. The deplorable loss of life which he deliberately precipitated will not be wholly in vain if we see at last that he was playing for his own hand all the while. If he succeeded he would be a great man, and play the part of dictator. If he allowed the Americans time to show their sincere desire to help the Philippinos toward a better civilization then he would very probably be nobody.

As Mr. Salter acknowledges, all we had heard about Aguinaldo until very lately was that he had accepted

a vast sum of money from the Spanish government, which considered it cheaper to buy him than to defeat him. And now Mr. Salter proposes to leave this man as dictator to the whole of the Philippine Islands before the smallest inquiry has been made as to whether the majority of the population desire the despotic rule of such a man or not.

Remember that Aguinaldo was not a mere novice. He had opportunity to know, and was supposed to know, something of the situation. If he did then he knew that it was simply impossible for us to give up the control to him or to anyone else until the treaty of peace was ratified. If it was not ratified then we should still be at war with Spain. If we had given up the control before then any nation would have had the right to land troops to protect its own citizens, and the final result would inevitably have been that the islands would be partitioned out among the various European powers. If you reply that we could protect them the answer comes at once. The responsibility of protection must be accompanied by the authority by the power to prevent the protected islanders from offending grossly against the citizens of other nations. No European nation would allow for a moment a paper protection, any more than they allow a paper blockade. Our army, our navy, must be there on the spot to give security to life and property, to prevent any flagrant acts of injustice on the part of the islanders. If we, for instance, had evacuated Manila a month ago, how would it have fared with the Europeans and their families? Wholesale assassination was actually the avowed policy of the so-called parliament of Aguinaldo's followers only a few weeks ago, when our forces were actually there. What would have happened had they been withdrawn?

If we should now give up the Philippines, as Mr. Salter proposes, then, as Aguinaldo has under his command the only organized army there, he would at once become dictator and would assuredly levy tolls and assume the command of all the other islands, whether their inhabitants liked it or not (they assuredly would not like it). And then we should be powerless to interfere, for we should have given up the control.

"We have not shown common courtesy to the natives who were endeavoring to organize a government," says Mr. Salter. Every one now is glad that the president succeeded in stopping the movement in Congress to recognize the insurgents in Cuba as the safe governing power. Only when peace comes can the will of the Cubans as a whole be ascertained. It would have been equally premature to recognize the assembly of Aguinaldo's partisans as the sole native authority in the Philippines until the rest of their inhabitants were heard from. "We have not shown the slightest disposition to aid them in so doing," says Mr. Salter, and now that the other islands are being heard from we begin to see that it is well we did not.

Mr. Salter evidently holds some one, some American, or some Americans, not any Filipinos, responsible for the senseless and wholly unprovoked attack made by Aguinaldo's army upon our forces occupying Manila. Now, no sane man could suppose it was possible for us to evacuate Manila till the treaty of peace was finally ratified, both by us and by Spain. Had we done so, assuredly the German fleet would have landed marines and taken possession, and they would have been justified in so doing, on the ground that nothing but force of arms could there protect persons and property. We had rendered ourselves responsible for this to all the civilized world, and were under the most solemn obligation to all nations to do this to the best of our ability. Well, then, if some one of us is to blame, who was it?

The American army and navy have not committed one single act of cruelty, of tyranny or of misuse of power since the day Dewey sailed into Manila harbor. We ought to be justly proud of their quiet self-control in the midst of incessant provocation, instead of complaining that they did not do what they had no right to do, namely, settle the question off-hand instead of leaving it to the only authority able to decide—the government of the United States. The president himself cannot decide the question alone. On the contrary, he has to be extremely careful to say no word which may have to be taken back. It is bad enough when irresponsible consuls say such words. It would be criminal folly in the president to do so. Neither Congress nor president, nor both together, can speak with authority even now until the treaty of peace has been finally ratified by Spain. Till then a state of war technically exists, which might become practical if Spain could only find a powerful ally. Surely the president can be in no way responsible for the extraordinary and most unfortunate delay in ratifying the treaty on our side.

If it now be asked, "What, then, are we to do?" The answer is: Take one step at a time. Don't even take that one step unless you are sure that it is wise and safe. Do everything for the true interests of the Filipinos themselves, but do not imagine that the man among them who happens to be uppermost for the hour is particularly likely to support or recommend that step, especially if it seems to diminish his own little brief authority. Aguinaldo will think most of Aguinaldo. If we loosened our hold to-day he might be still the great man for an hour, but once he begins to lose his authority, and he is now apparently losing it very rapidly, what would prevent him from selling himself and his country a second time to the highest bidder among the nations?

The truth is that a long, difficult and to all seeming a thankless task, is presented to us as the thing which we have got to do. The real danger is that the nation may finally get weary of it and throw it up in despair. That task is to educate, protect, encourage, help the Filipinos, until at last they can stand alone. And what we specially need now is light thrown on our task. The president has already sent five of our most esteemed, able and conscientious fellow citizens to the Philippines. One of them knows the islands thoroughly, having traveled among them for years. They are already on the spot. Would it not be, on the whole, a good thing for us to suspend our judgment for a little time until we can look on the matter through their eyes? They will have the priceless advantage of careful consultation with Dewey and Otis and others of our noble army and navy, who know the situation so much better than we possibly can, and can collect evidence from the most trustworthy and thoughtful of the resident population of the various islands. Then, at last, after careful study, they may be able to get so clear a view of the whole complex situation that they can fearlessly recommend what is the wisest, best, most truly helpful step to be taken in the immediate future. More than this they cannot do.

In conclusion I would say a word concerning the host of critics, of two classes, who have been incessantly assailing our action in our late war.

The Puritan and the Quaker have blest us in a thousand ways. They and their works are part of the majesty of this land. We must never forget the debt we owe to them both. Nevertheless the tendency to preach from a superior point of view is innate in them both. When hard-thinking, continuous thinking, when persistent search for facts, courageous handling of facts when found, when careful and prolonged study of highly complex conditions, is the one thing needful; then the preaching attitude is premature, to say the very least. The Quaker preaching peace and good

will to all men is a gracious sight, save when righteous war happens to be the word of the Lord for the hour. Then, all unwittingly, the Quaker will be preaching peace when there is no peace. The Puritan, with his splendid, if narrow, intensity, holding forth with absolute conviction on the only true course, not only for himself, but for everybody else, to follow, is a grand revelation of human power, except when he happens to be partially, or possibly wholly, wrong. Then his rather curt handling of other people's convictions, or rather his curt denial of their having any right whatever to have any convictions, except his own, becomes occasionally a trifle oppressive!

I feel that I am speaking for a very large class of thoughtful people, who really do not need to be exhorted, as from above, by persons standing upon a much higher moral plane than themselves, to do, as a manifest duty, what highly superior persons bid them to do. They are really as anxious to do their duty as the superior persons themselves are to have them do it. But they desire, before everything else, to know what that duty really is, and they realize, as some superior persons do not, that their duty is by no means clear and obvious, and that something more than impassioned appeal to their moral sense is required. A fair knowledge of the facts, and a careful and prolonged study of the facts, is really needed. Is it too much to ask that a thoughtful conference and comparison of ideas, as of equals with equals, should be substituted for the moral lectures of which they have had already quite enough?

Personally, I have no "thrist for expansion." I have no opportunity of being "greedy of gain" in the matter. I am no "imperialist" and I think I am not a "jingo." I am simply one of many who want to see the United States so act in this great matter as to bless the world at large, and the Filipinos in particular, to act without one spark of anger, but nobly, wisely, with a single eye to human benefit. And I humbly submit that we—and we are several millions—have some rights which the most impassioned preacher, be he Quaker or Puritan, is bound to respect!

P. S. I cannot acquit Mr. Salter of the charge of using intemperate, over-vehement, ill-considered language on matters on which men, equally good, equally high-minded with himself, differ from him in toto. If he uses such language as I have quoted (much more remains unquoted), what words has he left to use for manifest outrageous tyranny and wrong? He has shot his bolts and has no ammunition left. The "rotten rabble" and the "franchise seekers" will not fear him, because he has insulted the well-meaning millions who desire to do the right. Let us quote just a little more:

"The events of the past week have been simply shocking. Thay have been humiliating to any one who loved old-fashioned American ideas." Shocking, sad, miserable, deplorable, indeed, those events were. But why "humiliating" to us? Did we initiate them? Did not our army and navy rather show amazing self-control in quietly enduring incessant provocation and insult?

"It is a black disgrace to America, it makes me hang my head in shame for my country. If I had thought of this outcome I would rather have had the Cubans starved and rotted out." Strong language this!! when not one single overt act of injustice can be quoted to support so fearful an accusation.

Mr. Salter seems to think that the resolution which the Senate passed immediately after the ratification of the treaty is not worth attending to; and yet it embodies the main thing for which he is contending. It says just what he declares ought to be said, namely, that the ultimate design of the United States is to help the Filipinos to self-government. In that it voiced the conscience of us all. None would deplore more sincerely than Mr. Salter the inevitable collapse which would immediately follow in the Philippines if we were to give up, as he demands, our control to Aguinaldo's assembly. But deploring would not remove conditions; and, in this case, the conditions would be of our own making. Gladstone's sorrow over the death of Gordon could neither bring Gordon back to life, nor restore the tens of thousands massacred because their defender was gone. If we were to follow Mr. Salter's advice our mistake would be equally irreparable.

In one important respect the situation in the Philippines is more hopeful than that in Cuba. The imminent danger in Cuba is that we may feel obliged to evacuate Cuba long before our presence there ceases to be absolutely essential to the working out of the political salvation of Cuba. The Cuban Assembly will probably gives us several very conspicuous illustrations of how not to do it. Their treatment of the old hero, Gomez, without whose astonishing persistency they would have still been in the clutch of Spain, is a fair indication of their competency for the task they are assuming. But the Cuban Assembly is a shining light compared with Aguinaldo's. Aguinaldo, it appears, has still got nearly $300,000 in the bank at Hongkong. If, as Mr. Salter imagines, he received it from Spain, on behalf of his fellow-insurgents, how is it that they have got none of the money? He took the cash, and they took the reforms! A somewhat unequal division! Not until this is cleared up, can this stain on him be wiped away.

The assembly to which, according to Mr. Salter, we ought to surrender our authority, has officially proclaimed promiscuous and universal assassination as its policy. Does that policy become less atrocious because its president has written a book and it numbers seventeen college graduates among its members? And does not this atrocious proclamation equally condemn Aguinaldo himself? For, without doubt, it was his policy as well as theirs.

This, then, is "the native government" into whose hands we ought at once to commit the Philippine Islands. Surely, an investigation of the genuine sentiments of the people, as a whole, is first in order. The Cuban Assembly, so called, has manifested no such blind atrocity; but who believes it to be the duty of our government to commit the whole of the affairs of Cuba into their hands? They would make a terrible mess of it, if we did. They only represent a section of the people, and have no more right to speak for the people as a whole than Aguinaldo's assembly has. Not until a proper census of the people has been taken, not till a general vote has been had, under perfectly fair conditions, can any assembly have the right to represent the people. Only the American army and navy can secure these conditions in the Philippines; and until our arms are triumphant the conditions for a fair representation of the people's desires cannot possibly exist. Yours rather sorrowfully, S. R. C.

The Study Table.

The Great Affirmations of Religion.*

An Introduction to Real Religion, Not for Beginners but for Beginners Again, by Thomas R. Slicer.

This book is a doctrinal treatise, a volume on systematic theology, an effort at a restatement of the creed of Christendom in the light of present facts in religion and science. It is not exhaustive nor minute, so much as general and fundamental, concerning the theological problems that never will vacate for any other questions.

The first attractive feature of the book is that you can understand it. Its chapters are sermons and the author has not only his thought, but his audience, before him all the time, a clear, concise and pleasing style, occasionally lacking in the dignity befitting the theme, but always an attractive, roomy one to the end of the book.

Beginning with "The Nature and Uses of Religion," he defines religion and its use as "a passionate devotion to the will of God, which realizes its aspirations in worship, which finds its expression in obedience to law, which has its root in human nature, its flower in human emotions, its fruit in human conduct, which takes for its task no smaller thing than the regeneration of society and seeks to achieve this end by the moral health of the individual soul." "Religion is a function of man's nature and must have way." As to its natural uses, it is (1) "A contribution of nature's self," not something one must "get," but something one cannot "get rid of." (2) It adds zest to life. (3) It provides a philosophy of life. (4) Most of all, the natural use of religion is to regenerate life.

Then follows a chapter on the "Affirmation of God," which logically should have come before trying to de-

* Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

fine religion as a "passionate devotion to the will of God." Here the author is wholly subjective in his proof and declares the verdict of the rational soul is, that "God is necessary, real and personal." The chapter on man dwells on his dignity, recognizes his freedom and is wisely silent as to his final destiny. Some of the best chapters of the book are on the "Affirmation of God and Man and Prayer," in which the author stoutly maintains that God can reach man and man can reach the personal God. His "Affirmation Concerning Jesus" is more subjective and philosophical than historical in its method of treatment, and reaches the conclusion "that man has seen in the relation of Jesus with God the picture of the union of the human with the Eternal" * * * "and that it was not exceptional or peculiar, for it only showed what God could do with our common clay." His "Affirmation Concerning the Church" is in essence that it should be a "church for all souls." The closing chapter on "The Eternal Life" makes the belief in immortality base, "first in the person of the living Christ, and then in the loving conviction of the hearts subdued to his rule."

The book, then, is a treatise on the great doctrine of religion largely from the subjective and individualistic method of approach. Mr. Slicer is a disciple of James Martineau in his search for authority. The source is within, not without. God has revealed himself in the conscience and reason, so that we need no institution nor literature nor other person, to dictate how we shall think or act. This is only a partial truth, hence Mr. Slicer's book on systematic theology is by no means a final utterance, but it is a bright, genuine, inspiring contribution to both religion and theology. Its choicest characteristic is that it is positive, constructive, evidently the "beaten oil" of a soul who has wrestled with these questions and who has grown strong and courageous spiritually in all his thinking.

The book, as the title intimates, is for those well advanced in religious thinking, "beginners again," but its way of putting its thought and its spirit is such that not only the student and teacher of religion, but the beginner, the seeker, will find in it much that will inspire him to a truer relation to God and man and the world.

J. F.

The Philippine Islands and Their People.*

Prof. Worcester, the writer of this book, has been appointed a member of the Philippine Commission by the President, and no fitter appointment could have been made, as this book will amply testify to all who read it. It contains accounts of two expeditions, and Prof. Worcester has done well to speak of the two connectedly, at once saving space and giving the outcome of his experience in an effective manner. The first expedition reached Manila in 1887, and within a year following visited fifteen different sections of the islands. Dr. Steere, for whom the expedition was named, was at the head of it, and of the subsequent one, which, sailing in July, 1890, continued its work for nearly three years. First we have a good chapter on the history of the islands, mainly drawn from John Foreman's excellent book on that subject. As discovered by Magellan and as the scene of his melancholy death they are a natural monument to one of the world's greatest discoverers. The second chapter is given to Manila. Its sights are soon exhausted, except the people, who are always interesting. There are too many earthquakes for comfort and there is too little drainage for health. At the time of their second visit General Weyler was governor of the islands and Prof. Worcester's account of that ingenious knave confirms the worst opinions we have had of him heretofore. A third chapter gives a general account of the archipelago. The number of the islands is set down at 1,200, a golden mean between the cruel depreciation of some conservative writers and the extravagance of others. The 1,200 would include many that are mere uninhabitable rocks or sand-spits. Luzon has 41,000 square miles, Mindanao 37,000; there are ten others varying from 5,000 to 1,300; two from 500 to 1,000, and some twenty varying from 100 to 250 square miles. In the remainder of the book the islands are taken up one at a time and handled instructively and humorously. The expedition was mainly after birds, but creatures of all kinds invited them to "rise and kill," if not to "eat."

They first went to Palawan, the largest western island of the group. It tends to the condition of that Homeric island which had an exclusively female population, 90 per cent. being women. It is richer in forest products than in men. On their first visit they were much annoyed by the authorities; on the second they found an ideal Spanish gentleman on top. The Tagbanuas of southern Palawan are a very interesting tribe, utterly barbarous, yet appearing to show traces of degeneration from a less barbarous state. The Jesuit missions, which are spoken well of, report 24 different tribes in Mindanao. Spanish control was isolated and sporadic. The Moros on this island are particularly fierce and unmanageable, being Mohammedan Malays. Weyler reported famous victories when, in fact, he lost 80 per cent. of his men on one expedition. At Mindoro savages were found who seemed to have not the most elemental religious ideas, but better morals than the more civilized tribes. The less civilized the more moral, was one of Prof. Worcester's most serious and discouraging generalizations. By the time they got to Panay "the delightful Philippine climate of which one sometimes reads had put its mark on each member of the expedition," but it had horrors in reserve, the *calentura perniciosa*, for which a recipe is given that would certainly be fatal, says the Professor, if taken in the quantity prescribed.

Prof. Worcester's sense of humor is a distinct enhancement of the interest of his narration. One of his stories is delicious. It relates his finding, in a native hut, a particularly villainous cartoon from *Judge*, which represented President Cleveland as a friar, with a tin halo supported from the back of his collar. It was set up as a sacred *icon*, and the whole family were on their knees before it. Here was a circumstance to make President McKinley green with envy. To think that President Cleveland should become a Philippine saint before him (McKinley), the Great Pacificator and Benignant Providence of the archipelago!

Some of Prof. Worcester's general conclusions deserve the most serious attention. Even the civilized natives are wholly unfit for self-government. "They are big children who must be treated like little ones." "They are naturally law-abiding and peace-loving and would appreciate and profit by just treatment." "Whatever may be the immediate outcome, it is safe to say that, having learned something of his powers, the civilized native will now be likely to take a hand in shaping his own future. I trust that opportunities which he has never enjoyed may be given to him. If not, may he win them for himself." These are opinions which should commend Commissioner Worcester to the more rational of the 8,000,000 of people who, with all their landed property, have been purchased for $20,000,000, with a little lead and iron thrown in.

J. W. C.

"A crank is somebody who insists on trying to convince me, instead of letting me convince him."

* The Philippine Islands and Their People. By Dean C. Worcester, Assistant Professor of Zoölogy, University of Michigan. New York: The Macmillan Company. Cloth, 8vo, $3.00.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—There is no good so great as that which the soul has itself wrought and secured through its overcoming faith.
MON.—He lives well and wisely who has the speech of each day as it goes, who hears and heeds the voice it utters.
TUES.—To have made the pressure of adverse things the means of a deep faith, is an enviable condition.
WED.—Our smiles, our tears, our prayers, our hopes, our efforts are all numbered, as well as the hairs of our head.
THURS.—We are builders of our own characters.
FRI.—We have different work to do in the world, but we are all alike in this,—all are architects of fate.
SAT.—Every yesterday is talking to, and instructing to-day.
—*J. F. W. Ware.*

Trust the Children.

Trust the children. Never doubt them,
Build a wall of love about them;
After sowing seeds of duty,
Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children. Don't suspect them,
Let your confidence direct them,
At the hearth or in the wildwood,
Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones. Remember
May is not like chill December,
Let no words of rage or madness
Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the little ones. You guide them,
And, above all, ne'er deride them,
Should they trip, or should they blunder,
Lest you snap love's cords asunder.

Trust the children. Let them treasure
Mother's faith in boundless measure,
Father's love in them confiding;
Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children just as He did,
Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded.
Trust and guide, but never doubt them,
Build a wall of love about them.
—*New York Ledger.*

A Bonfire in the Water.

Where ice fields can be burned, fuel is hardly to be called expensive. A writer in the *Scientific American* calls attention to the fact that on the ice-covered surface of a Kansas lake it is possible to have bonfires by simply breaking through the ice and applying a match to the surface of the water. The flames will shoot up as high as a man's head, and will burn brightly for a minute or two, making the lake look as if the ice were on fire.

For several winters it has been possible to have such bonfires on Doniphan Lake, Kansas, and on one of its tributary streams. The fuel for these fires is natural gas. It bubbles up through the water the year round, but it is only during very cold nights that it is temporarily stored under the ice in large bubbles or pockets, sometimes ten or twenty square yards in extent.

When these pockets are punctured with a chisel and a lighted match is applied the experimenter is rewarded by a roaring flame before which he may warm his numbed fingers. He who would try the experiment, however, must be careful to stand between the wind and the jet of gas as he lights it, or he will have his clothing singed before he can get out of the way.

There are places where the gas supply is so abundant as to prevent the ice from forming, except on the very coldest nights. When such places are frozen over they remain covered only a few days, for the gas, coming from a considerable depth in the earth, is so warm that it soon melts a passage through the ice and escapes. Last winter ice fifteen inches thick formed on the lake, and yet some of the areas of gas supply were not frozen over.

Near the spot where one of the creeks enters the lake the water is shallow, and the bottom may easily be seen. Here the gas had formed regular channels up through the mud, and out of these large bubbles of gas are discharges every few seconds. Doniphan Lake is located about four miles north of Atchison, Kan.—*Young People.*

Eagle Stole Her Hat.

The story comes from Chicago that on Wednesday a large American eagle that belonged to Company B of the First Illinois Volunteer Cavalry swooped down from its perch in the camp at Fort Sheridan and attacked the stuffed bird that adorned the hat of a woman who was walking past, and finally carried off the hat as well as the bird to its nest. A few score of healthy eagles in each of our American cities, if permitted to roam at large, might perhaps have a greater deterrent effect upon the wearing of birds and feathers upon women's hats than all the legal enactments that ever were or ever will be devised.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Mouse's Blanket.

One day Willie's mamma missed a bank note which she was very certain she had put in a particular place. Thinking that Willie might have taken it for a plaything, not knowing its value, she asked him if he had seen it. But Willie knew nothing about it, neither did the nurse, nor anybody in the house.

By and by pape came home. He pointed to a mouse hole in the nursery floor and said the mice must have stolen it. A carpenter came and took up the floor, and sure enough there was a nest of little mice all cuddled down on the bank note, which Mother Mouse had spread out as a lining for the nest. Other pieces of paper were found, all torn and nibbled, but this being nice and soft had been saved for a blanket by the wise old mother.—*Congregationalist.*

A Helping Hand.

One breezy afternoon, not long ago, I saw standing on Huntington avenue a staid, old horse, blanketed, and eating his dinner out of a pail which hung around his neck. Just as I approached I saw that the pail had caught on some portion of the harness and the poor animal not only could not eat, but seemed to be in imminent danger of tipping the remainder of his dinner out on the ground. While I was wondering whether I had the courage to attempt to help him, a pretty girl approaching from the other direction took in the situation at a glance and went to the rescue. She wore a light-colored tailor-made gown, with a smashing bunch of violets pinned at one side of her coat, and I should have fancied her altogether too immaculately gotten up to be willing to touch that old horse. She didn't hesitate, however, and I'm sure she never looked prettier than when, with delicately gloved hand, she loosened the pail and gave the horse a kind little pat on his broad nose. Unimaginative people might have thought that the succession of bows he gave just as she left was due to his satisfaction in having his head free again, but I know that he meant them for a polite recognition of her kindness in helping him out of a bad fix.—*Boston Times.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Meadville, Pa.—From a private letter we make the following extracts concerning the recent work done at this School of the Prophets: "We have recently had some most inspiring lectures from Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell and Miss Jane Addams of Chicago. Mr. Schmidt came with his free, undenominational air and inspired us to extend our sympathies. His lectures were among the finest we have listened to for a long time; his personality took us by storm. How we wished that we could have him here always. Jane Addams came with her sweet womanly common sense. The church was crowded to hear her, and all were charmed with her idea of American social life."

Chicago.—Rev. F. G. Strickland of Garfield Park Christian Church is a candidate for alderman of the Thirteenth Ward. Mr. Strickland has announced his intention of working hard for his election.

"I shall make speeches and have an organization for personal solicitation of the voters," he said. "I am a firm believer in Christian Socialism and of all other movements which have for their aim the betterment of the condition of the masses. This is the reason I have consented to be a candidate for alderman."

In this step Mr. Strickland is only going back to good justice and precedents. The minister was always good material to make a "select man" out of in the old days of New England.

Unitarian.—The Men's Club of the First Unitarian Society took advantage of the recent visit to Chicago of Rev. Samuel R. Eliot and arranged an informal dinner in his honor at Kinsley's on the evening of March 9, to which the men of the local three Unitarian churches were invited. The sixty who attended represented both the younger and the older constituents of the three congregations, all three of which are in more prosperous conditions than they have been for several years. Mr. Eliot spoke ably on the outlook for the denominational work in the country at large and of the need of more aggressive work here in Chicago. Rev. Leslie Sprague (of Grand Rapids) then touched on the importance of Unitarian progress in Chicago to the work in all the neighboring states, and pleaded for a centrally located church to work in harmony with "family churches" in the residence districts of the three sides of the city. Many of the others who followed with brief remarks voiced the same hope and also the need of a bond of union between the Unitarian men of Chicago, and before adjourning a committee was appointed and asked to mold the organization along the lines of the old Channing Club, whose monthly meetings ceased some twelve or fifteen years ago. The spirit of the gathering was a most cordial one, and by planning it the workers of the First Church have taken a long step toward kindling a helpful and harmonious enthusiasm among local Unitarians as a whole.

ALBERT S.

Dedication of Isaiah Temple, Chicago.—On our title-page this week appears a cut of the new Isaiah Temple, which was dedicated last week in Chicago. It is situated on Vincennes Avenue and Forty-fifth Street and is architecturally a sign of the times. As the Christian churches are generally breaking away from the conventional parody of the great medieval cathedrals, so this Jewish congregation have broken away from the low domed Moorish type that has held in bonds their builders so long. Inside and out the building shows such exquisite taste combined with strength and practical usefulness as could have been expected from Mr. Dankmar Adler, one of the architects of the Auditorium building of Chicago. The building covers a lot ninety-seven by one hundred and twenty-seven feet. It has an auditorium that will seat eleven hundred people and contains nine good-sized schoolrooms which open the one into the other. The dedicatory services began on Friday, March 17, at four o'clock in the afternoon. With high music service and stately ritual Rabbis Felsenthal, Arnold and Messing conducted the devotional exercises. Max Heller of New Orleans and Doctor Hirsch of Chicago preached the sermons. On Saturday morning at 10 a. m. another service was held, Doctor Stolz conducting the religious exercises, the venerable Doctor Isaac N. Wise of Cincinnati making the opening address, he being followed by Doctor Berkowitz of Philadelphia, Doctor Moses and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. The closing meeting on Sunday night was a fellowship platform meeting, an account of which we give below, written by a member of the audience.

"Perhaps the happiest service of the three by which the beautiful new Isaiah Temple was dedicated was the fellowship platform meeting of Sunday night, when Jew and Christian, liberal and conservative, in all generosity brought greeting and good wishes. The mere possibility of such a gathering is pleasant to think on, but when the spirit is so cordial and courteous, so hearty and helpful as that of Sunday night, the feeling is more than pleasant—there is satisfaction and keen appreciation of all men and vivifying geniality. The rabbis brought felicitations and all good wishes to Doctor Stolz, happy and hopeful, and to his congregation, enjoying the fruit of its labor and sacrifice. For him, who is all zeal, earnestness and goodness, there were only words of love and praise and encouragement; for his people in the midst of congratulations was warning against the apathy that possibly follows exhausting effort.

"Doctor Hirsch, whose voice had been heard twice before and gladly as only his voice is heard, rose in his might to declare the force and purpose of Judaism, the need for it still to-day when the world is not ripe for the religion of humanity. People held their breath as he thundered in almost prophetic fury against the coward who deserts his duty and his birthright in hope of greater social ease, as he urged, yea, insisted, that the Jew live true to his Judiasm, honestly and boldly. And, with the mighty message still ringing, one was glad of the open hand of fellowship Rev. R. A. White of the Universalist Church at Stewart avenue extended, of the love and sympathy he uttered in all sincerity. Complementing this emotional, this feeling comradeship, as it were, came Rev. W. W. Fenn of the First Unitarian Church with the sympathy of intellect and historical appreciation. Gratifying, indeed, as was the interest and fellow feeling of these men and of Doctor S. J. McPherson of the Second Presbyterian Church and Doctor McIntyre of the Kenwood Evangelical, it was, perhaps, their appreciation and regard for Doctor Stolz himself which peculiarly touched their listeners. Doctor, Wise, venerable sage in Israel, after a gentle admonition that, with growing liberalism and contempt for ceremony, the spirit of reverence and feeling for the sacred depart not, blessed the congregation and dismissed it."

Altogether it was a congress of religion realized in the hurry of Chicago, made more potent because the rallying point was a center of new life, a triumph of devotion. Isaiah Temple has a high task before it if it lives up to its dedication and makes good the pledges made to itself and the public in this beautiful building and the high ideals typified thereby. On behalf of the readers of UNITY we extend one more hand of congratulation to Doctor Stolz, the young and faithful rabbi; to Isaiah congregation, the new band of pilgrims who have started in the spirit of the nineteenth century on the old road to the new Jersualem of righteousness which must ever be the road of love and loyalty.

Lapeer, Mich.—The first of a series of six lectures on Social Purity was delivered on March 16, by Rev. A. K. Beem. The speaker said that "they were gathered to consider some of the highest and holiest questions that can engage the attention of the brightest minds of a growing humanity." Mr. Beem is dealing with delicate subjects in the courageous and high way that becomes their sanctity. To use his own language, "the race of man is now taking short steps in advance; it will be able to take strides when it learns to clear its polluted streams, not by pouring something clear into the streams, but by going directly to the fountain head and there removing the cause of the pollution."

We hope Mr. Beem will be heard in this course of lectures far and wide. Let the Social Purity societies and White Ribbon circles send for him.

Rockford, Ill.—At the meeting of the ladies interested in the Audubon Club at the office of Dr. Fitch, March 16, Miss Holland addressed the audience "On the Aims and Ends of the Society." Speaking of the wearing of birds as ornaments, Miss Holland placed the guilt where it belonged.

Woman, "lovely woman," kills more birds than the cats, and science and small boys all put together. I say kills! Well, certainly, a person wearing the body, wings or egret, aids and abets in the killing of birds. Of course, I know that if each woman had to go out and shoot, or in some way take the lives of these lovely little creatures, and skin them and mount them, each woman for her own hat, very few birds would be worn. I really believe they would go out of style altogether. But they are shown to us already dead and we forget that they had to be killed for us to wear them.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters refuse to be shown a hat that has dead birds for ornaments. I wish there were more women like her." Pledge cards were distributed and there was a ready response from those present.

Tuskegee, Ala.—The following are among the needs of the Tuskegee Normal School, which is doing such a far-reaching work in educating the negro into thrift and helpfulness:

1. Books and periodicals for the library, Sunday-school papers; daily, weekly or monthly papers for our reading room.
2. Bed clothing of any kind, new or second-hand clothing for needy students.
3. Money in any sums to help meet current and building expenses.

Tacoma, Wash.—At the First Free Church the congregation were asked to remain a moment after the sermon on Sunday, March 12, and the following resolutions were read and passed unanimously. A copy of the resolutions and a copy of the sermon preached a week ago on the Philippine question will be forwarded to President McKinley:

"WHEREAS; The great issue now before the American people will remain unsettled until congress acts, and

"WHEREAS; Public opinion is the judgment, the voice of congress; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this society that the aspirations of the Filipinos toward freedom should be respected, and, when demonstrated that they are prepared for self-rule, the same rights of self-government, granted by the administration to Cuba, be also conceded to the Philippine islands;

"*Resolved*, That the only consistent and honorable course for the United States is to make the principles of freedom, justice and brotherhood the supreme controlling factors in the settlement of this issue, protecting the Filipinos against aggression from without and helping them in their exercise of self-government;

"*Resolved*, That the ministers of other churches in this city be asked to bring this great ethical issue before their people to the end that this community may contribute its quota to a public opinion that shall be both wise and just;

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each member of congress from the state of Washington."

Rev. Alfred Martin yesterday preached the second of his series of sermons on popular fallacies. His topic was, "No Matter What You Believe, So Long As You Do What Is Right." In proving the essential fallaciousness of this doctrine, he cited the lives and works of the martyrs for religion, asking if their sacrifices for their beliefs were all foolishness.

Every right action must be founded on a sincere right belief. A wrong belief will as surely produce a wrong action. Mr. Martin instances the harmful effects of indiscriminate alms-giving as taught by the Catholic Church. In regard to essential truths in religious and secular matters, Mr. Martin held a sincere belief was an absolute necessity to right action.

A New Movement.—A correspondent sends us the following clipping from the Boston Globe, asking that further information concerning this suggesstive movement be given. We have no information at hand that we can add, but we recognize it as one more significant "sign of the times;" one more indication that the citadel of reason is being reared inside of organized Christianity; that the ultimate emancipation is to come not by emigration out of the old into the new but by the evolution of the old into the new. The movement, as indicated below, may seem to many a halting one, an attempt to stop where there is no stopping place, but so long as it represents a sincere quest and an earnest spirit it will accomplish not that which it sets out to realize, but that larger thing which the worthy and brave spirit ever creates. With our correspondent we wait for further tidings of this movement:

"A new religious cult that may be called a fad has sprung up in English society within the inner veil of the most exclusive London set. Some members of the nobility and wealthy people of culture are said to be quietly sending out missionaries to desseminate what they style as Rational Christianity, which does not admit the authenticity of every miracle of the New Testament, yet relies on the Revised Version of 1881 for its authority. Their system of belief, if it may be entitled to the name of a system, is based upon the theory that Christ is simply the highest type of manhood ever manifested, through whom the Divine speaks. They can scarcely be called a sect, because they have no organization, and desire none, but they give freely of their means to propagate their views of "the Christ that is to be;" and have employed a man of fine presence, extensive travel and persuasive eloquence to lead the modern crusade in the United States and Canada. Being related to several families of the nobility himself, he is expected to accomplish wonders among the elite of this country. The chief merit of the movement seems to be in the fact that it is to be conducted without ostentation, and Herbert Harper, the apostle to the Western Hemisphere, is instructed to appeal to the reason of his hearers chiefly, and as little to their emotions and passions as possible."

Personal.—Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo, Mich., for nine years minister of the People's Church, is at the "Colonial Inn," San Diego, Cal., whither she has gone for her health. She will later visit other points in California and will return home about June 1.

His Philosophy.

Oh de mule is in de traces an' he's doin' what he kin,
An' de white man keep's a-working all de day.
De way dey seems to was'e dese precious moments is a sin,
An' you'll nebber kotch me doin' dat-a-way.
Dey looks down on yoh uncle and dey says he's missed a heap,
But he's healthy an' he's happy an' he's strong,
'Cause dar ain' no time so busy but he manages to keep
A little while foh lazyin' along.
Oh, de greenbacks dey kin hustle while de silver dollars shine;
But I's saterfy to sing my little song.
I doesn't ax foh skessly niffin' in dis life o' mine
'Cep' de privilege of lazyin' along.

So it's go it Mistuh Whiteman, an' it's go it, Mistuh Mule;
A-laborin' on, de most dat you know how.
You's bof a-makin' furrows when you might be keepin' cool,
De lines is in yoh field, an' on yoh brow.
No matter if you's about de finest guesser dat's alive,
When you guess a black man's age you guess it wrong.
He is jes' as young at sixty as he is at twenty-five,
'Cause he takes de time foh lazyin' along.
Dar's de spepshy in de mansion and dar's co'n pone in de ash,
An' I's saterfy to sing my little song.
I is lookin' foh imployment, but I doesn't get too brash,
'Cause I's comf-able jes' lazyin' along.

—*Washington Star.*

The Troubled Water.

"We seem no nearer, though we started twenty days ago," said the water in the low-pressure boiler; "we will never get there; I can't push this ship of progress any faster; and yesterday we stopped. Think of how all my drops are wasted, keeping the electric light alive, and the saloon heated and the donkey engine going and the fog horn sounding (when there's fog we hardly go at all, for I waste myself in blowing) and the decks washed and the galley faucets hot and —"

"Don't be worried," said the engine, "the engineer will attend to those; you have only one thing to do—keep boiling."
—*Bolton Hall.*

It is said that once when Sir Michael Costa was having a rehearsal, with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices, as the mighty chorus wrung out with thunder of the organ, and roll of drums, and ringing horns, and cymbals clashing, some one man who played the piccolo far away up in some corner, said within himself, "In all this din it matters not what I do," and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands and all was still—and then he cried out aloud, "Where is the piccolo!" The quick ear missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part.—*Exchange.*

A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take his neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—*George Macdonald.*

By two wings man is lifted from the things of earth—
Simplicity and purity.
Simplicity must be the keynote to his motive;
Purity the keynote to his love.
His motive aims at God;
His love embraces and enjoys Him.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Who knows? God knows; and what he knows
Is well and best
The darkness hideth not from Him, but glows
Clear as the morning or the evening rose
Of East or West.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

- - - NOW READY - - -

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By WILLIAM DAY SIMONDS.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS:

Four centuries ago Europe, awakened from the long sleep of the dark ages, came into possession of one great book—the Hebrew Bible. This book was library alike to peasant and prince. The multitude knew not that other ancient writings existed, and fondly called their new found treasure *The Book*. Naturally men sought to conform all thought and life to Bible teachings and standards. They endeavored to base science upon scripture, rejecting all truth not revealed in the word of God. The attempt failed, for science knows never a master. Zealous and stalwart believers attempted to conform Government to the Mosaic pattern. This was the dream of Puritanism. But the Puritan failed. The vast tides of human progress swept past Moses and the prophets. The teacher could not content himself with one text book. The statesman found human experience a better guide than ancient documents. The scholar discovered to an eager generation the mind of Plato, the wisdom of Socrates, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, the poetry of Homer and Virgil, and so dawned upon the world the glory and beauty of the renaissance. * * *

The minister may deal with higher literature after one of three methods. He may ignore it altogether, and confine preaching to an exposition of the religious experience and expression of the old time Jew. This is the only consistent course for the devout believer in traditional theology, and commands the respect due an honest faith, however ignorant. Or the minister may derive in fact the chief part of moral and religious instruction from modern letters and science, but always beginning with a low bow to the popular idol. * * *

This is the dear old method of expediency; all who love progress served as angels' food cling to this method. It secures the widest and sweetest admiration of men with the least salt of criticism.

But there is a third method. To embark freely upon the ocean of truth, to listen to every word of God-like genius as to a whisper of the Holy Ghost; a method based upon the conviction that beauty, truth and love are always divine, and that the real Bible, whose inspiration can never be questioned, comprises all noble and true words spoken and written by man in all the ages. * * *

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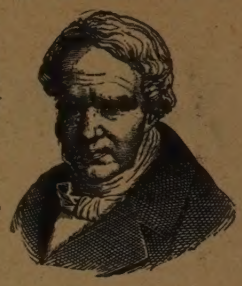

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LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

Mr. Mitchell has done the cause of Liberalism a great service in his noble work. He has assumed that the truth is a better guide than falsehood, and that it is safe to know the truth and to tell it. There is no subject about which there is more of darkness, of ignorance, of error, than the one he has undertaken to clear up—the divinity of Jesus. Mr. Mitchell has studied the gospels and contemporaneous literature with one end in view—that of finding the truth. He has brought to his study a candid mind, a scholar's critical judgment and a philosopher's spirit. He has sifted the material bearing upon his subject, and arranged and presented the facts, as far as they could be ascertained, in a way to secure the attention of the reader, and to carry conviction to the impartial and unprejudiced mind. His masterly presentation of the superstitions and ideas which culminated in the declaration that Jesus was divine, throws new light on the gospels, and helps to make clear what has heretofore been dark and mysterious. "The Safe Side" is a good book to have in your library. It is original, able and thoroughly liberal in its treatment of the subject.

From The Chicago "Tribune."

* * * "The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack," by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints."

* * * But the work should be read by doctors of the church, and able educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject. * *

From the Chicago "Times."

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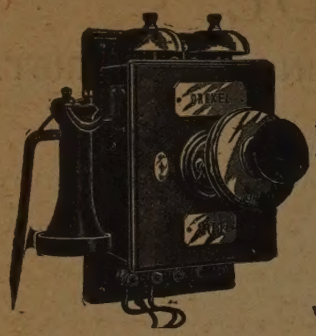

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